THE WHIMS OF FAIR WOMEN.

GIRLS WHO PROFITABLY BEAR IMPER-

s Suggested by the Masque of the Arion and the Cercie de l'Marmonte
-A Season of Red -Mr. Reskefeller's
Change of Cestame-A Big Centract for a
Complete Momo of Luxury-Spring Styles.

To get an idea of how many New York girls go in for painting, one should visit the Metropolitan Museum of Art. On two days in s,week a large number of them can be found in the picture galleries making copies of famous tings there. It may seem strange that few of them, so far as the writer has been able to are pretty, and some are the reverse, but they are in no way different in appearance from the curious neighbors who gaze at them with as-tonishment. Yet they are nearly all professional painters, and, as such, might be expect-ed to have distinguishing traits to mark them from the non-professional of their sex. It is a rule of the Museum to allow none but competent artists to make copies of the paintings, and the girls must first obtain the recommendation of a trustee or a well-known artist before they can get the permission. It is therefore fair to presume that those seen at work rank high. The reporter found them in every gallery, and two in the corridors. Some were using water colors and some oil, but a number were making only pencil sketches. Each had her essel, palette, rod, and paint case along. They were the centres of interest to the crowd. Around each fair artist was a group of men and women, who on her progress. Each stroke of brush or pencil was calmiy considered by the critics who peered over her shoulder. In most instances the girl seemed accustomed to this impertinence, and only a slight elevation of the eyebrows at times showed that she was annoyed.

But in one corner I found a pretty young woman, to whom this experience was evidently new. She was copying a pretty little landscape in oil, and the quick, certain strokes of her brush showed that she was no novice. Her work was progressing with remarkable swift-ness. Her position in this out-of-the-way spot had thus far given immunity from intrusion. but it was not to last long. She was neatly and tastefully dressed, and had as trim a figure and as finely chiselled features as could be found in all the efforts of the masters that hung upon the walls. I watched her as I saw a clericallooking man and two expensively dressed women approaching. They took up their position behind her, and the long-faced man began to point out to his companions what he considered the defects in her work. Pointing

gan to point out to his companions what he considered the defects in her work. Pointing a long bony finger over her shoulder, he made a series of depreciating remarks.

"Really, very poor," he said. "Now, just notice how that grass is painted. I do not pretend to any remarkable skill with the brush, but, you know, I could do better with my eyes closed, I solemnly believe."

There was no attempt on the old fellow's part to lower his voice. I could see the blood mount in the cheeks of the fair girl, and the tears start in her eyes. She was completely crushed, and further work was impossible for her. She shot one indignant glance at her critic, which made him cringe, and then she packed up her things and wont away.

Many of the young women go there to paint pletures to order for wealthy persons who have taken a fancy to some of the masterpleces, and, knowing that they cannot obtain the originals, are desirous of securing good copies. Others, not well enough known to have secured orders from wealthy customers, hope to attract attention by their work in the galleries, and one of the trustees informed me that this practice has met with remarkable success. Art patrons desirous of assisting struggling artists, make it a point to give employment to such of the girls as show ability. A fair, blue-eyed creature was pointed out to me as one of the most successful. She was copying a Grecian seashore, and seemed amused by the remarks of the crowd at her chows. Occasionally a mischlevous twinkle in her eyes showed a desire to got even with her tormentors. Recently she received \$500 from a wealthy New Yorker, who was attracted by a copy she had made, and which he had flow acan while visting the gallery. In no other way, probably, could these industrious women attract the attention of the public so speedily as at this museum, and while, therefore, the presence of ill-behaved crowds is annoying, the other advantages are aufficial to ovarcome this objection. Frequently twenty-five girls are at work in the museum at one time.

MAn artful embellisher of herself was unwittingly on view at the masquerade of the Cercie Français de l'Harmonie about midnight, in a box near the stage in the first tier. The temporary floor over the seats brought this box on a level with the dancing floor, and it was easily visible therefore to all who passed. Out of the was crowd a speakis group gathered in front of the box to watch the operations within. In the front section sat two young women, extremely décolletté, who doubtless imagined themselves the object of all attention directed that way. But the glances shot past their gleaming shoulders to a woman in the back section. She had neglected to draw the curtain that would shoulders to a woman in the back section. She had neglected to draw the curtain that would have shut off the anteroom, and, oblivious to observers, was absorbed in make-up. She stood before a mirror, and on a stand at her side was a complete toilet set that she had smuggled in by some means known only to women. One by one the pewder box and paints were brought into use. Her face rapidly assumed a rosy hue, and, one by one, obvious wriakles disappeared. Then the faded eyebrows were pencilled a brilliant jet, all with marvellous rapidlty and dexterity. Presently the toilet articles were removed, and a final tucking given to visible and invisible garments, and the woman took her place in the front of the box with an air of unconsciousness.

the box with an air of unconsciousness.

A study for a caricaturist or a novelist was the behavior of men and women under masked conditions at the Cercle de l'Harmonis masquerade. Your typical man, be he upper ten or one of the million, has one way of behaving; your typical woman of any grade you choose has another and perfectly distinct way. I am not referring to the conduct in a masquerade march, but to that oft-repeated incident where a person with a mask on approaches one who is undisquised and slaps him or her familiarly on the back, or calls him or her by a pet nickname, and then waits for recognition. When a man is approached thus by a masker he invariably amiles in a superior way, as much as to say: "Have your fun old boy for old girl, I know you-you can't fool me," and all the time the masker is fooling him completely. After a time, when the situation grows irritating, the masker discloses his or her identity, and the man in the case laughs feebly as if he enjoyed it all—which he doen't by several long shots. But in the case of a woman under similar circumstances, the case is radically and sensibly different. The woman approached by a masker never smiles in a familiar, good-natured way. She looks coldly at the mask wearer, frowns a bit, stares at the gleaming eyes, and then takes a moderate, superclifious, comprehensive survey of the entire costume, and the plan works to a charm; for the masker cannot endure the thought that the friend is mentally saying. "What a fright!" and immediately discloses his or her personality. Then the woman, high or low, good, bad, or folly, smiles and says: "Oh, so it's you! I didn't know you."

The Arion and French masquerades were not bad places to observe other dress than character costumes, for many of the ladies were in the newest sorts of fashionable toliets. There were examples of a most picturesque floral investion. It is the arrangement of flower gowns for calls, dinners, and receptions. A certain flower is taken as the leading notion of the dress, the rest of the A study for a caricaturist or a novelist was

lovely for young girls, carried out in sacw-drops, lilae, daffodils, or violets.

In the spring a young girls fancy lightly turns to thoughts of new clothes, and the garments which first satisfy her fresh, seasonable lengings are meetly for home and street wear. The time of balls and parties is over for a while, and the costuming for summer has not yet been planned. She therefore sets about adorning herself for less claborate and equally careful appearances in the house and on the promenade. Morning gowns for indoors have of late become more and more artistic. The old-fashiened wrapper of stereotyped shape and usual slovenliness no longer garbs the persons of women who keep up with the modes of the times. Neatness and shapeliness have taken the place of slouchy, formless wrape, that always suggested slippers down at the heas and hair still tousied from the bed. The characteristics of these natty wrappers are high, close collars encircling the neck to the very chin; sleeves short enough to show the bare arms nearly to the elbows; a simulation of a vest giving sood frontal outlines to the bodice, and made either of the same material as the rest of the wast or otherwise, according to the fancy; and a saugness of encirclement at the belt line.

producing in some cases, it is to be feared, more alignifiness than comfort.

On this subject of feminine girth some tussyminded mais has taken the trouble to complet estatistics of the sizes of New York ladies' corrects, with the result that he has discovered the average dimensions of stays round the waist to be twenty-three inches, or just four inches amailer than the natural waist of the average woman is supposed to be. Upon this fact he comments with great seriousness, and even goes the length of attributing to this compression a thousand deaths per annum.

even goes the length of attributing to this compression a thousand deaths per annum.

It is fortunate for fashionable women that bulls do not run loose in the streets of New York, because a dominant color in spring promenade costumes would be sure to cause trouble. The men have too long enjoyed an exclusive privilege in "painting the town red," and now the women propose to take a hand at it. But not in the same way—Heaven forbid! They will carry the paint outside instead of inside. In other words, the announcement comes from Paris that fashion and femininity have brought scarlet to the front as the color of the season, and the boulevards have already assumed a jurid aspect which exceeds anything since the days of the Commune. There are three or four shades of it, but all is scarlet in these degenerate days, when only a mental contortionist can follow the gyrations of color and tene as developed in female apparel. The dreasmakers and the milliners here are getting their importations through the Custom House with all possible speed, and their hands will soon be steeped in blood-colored goods. There will be red "gowns" (there are no dreases nowadays), red "frocks," red bonnets and hats, red gloves, red feathers, and red what-not besides. The girl with red hair, if she insists upon being in the swim, will then be a sight indeed. The temper of the ill-mannered buil on the farm will be sorely tried naxt summer, and the white horse will become a drivelling idlot in his effort to distinguish this from that. Indeed, if the New York man is permitted to maintain his hold even upon the red nose he will have cause to be grateful. There will be a literal blaze of glory among the women is exchine the collegation of unmounted with the least than the collegation of unmounted such the collegation of unmounted with the collegatio

will have cause to be grateful. There will be a literal blaze of glory among the women soon.

The latest whim among wealthy women is nothing less than the collection of unmounted diamonds. The extent to which this craze has already been carried is amazing, and the dealers in gems are all smiles in consequence. The statement would seem almost incredible, were it not for the notorious fact that a majority of women have long been accustomed to leave very valuable diamonds at home and wear in public pieces imitations of small cost. Doubtless this led to the new scheme—for, if one owns fine gems, why not display them in some manner? It is said that Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, when she sailed away in the Alva on a yachling tour of the globe, left behind her one of the best collections of small unmounted diamonds in the city; but it will be excelled ere she returns. At afternoon calls and 5 o'clock teas a new and fascinating, topic is thus afforded, and notes are compared. The diamonds are generally arranged in little nests of cotton, which are made in elaborate boxes of inlaid woods, and placed where the hostess may keep an eye upon them or a servant is constantly on guard. A lady owning such a collection made an exceedingly frank avowal the other day. Said she:

"Why, every woman who can afford it indulges the hobby. The diamonds are frequently bought on a guarantee that the jeweller will take them back at a certain percentage of the cost: and any way. I think they are better than stocks and bonds as an investment, because their value doesn't fluctuate much."

It is even said that laddes do a little quiet trading in the precious stones, whenever each is convinced that she is getting the better of the other.

The other evening a loving mother ordered her daughter, who had taken a prize at school for plane playing, to give an exhibition of her talents before a well-known musician.

"Isn't it angelic!" she exclaimed, as the girl's fingers vigorously rattied the keys.

"Ev-angelic, you mean, madam!" was the critical listener's remark.

"How so?" asked mamma, and it took her some minutes to fully realize the reply.

"Because your daughter pays strict heed to the Scriptural injunction not to let her right hand know what her left hand doeth."

the Scriptural injunction not to let her right hand know what her loft hand dooth.

It is unlikely that a wife ever makes a more careful toilet than the one she wears at her husband's funeral. That is to say, her poignant grief does not make her forret that she is going to be an object of scrutiny, and her feminine instinct impols her to dress carefully. Moreover, she will usually see to it that her husband is suitably costumed for occasions of interest. John D. Rocekeeller, the great and growing millionaire of the Standard Oil Company, has been telling a committee of New York law makers a little of what he knows about trusts. The first day on which he testified, a friend tells he was found at his office in the Standard building, where he was earning his hundred dollars a day as President of the trust, and counting up many more hundreds that come tumbling into his coffers from his multitudinous investments. He left his deek and weet at once to the investigation. He had on a plain brown cutaway suit and a Derby hat. He is a man of medium stature and slightly built. His hair is dark brown, with here and thore a suspicion of grayness. He wears no other beard than a light, immature moustache. He looks at one gravely from his blue eyes, and all his mannerisms are marked by reserve, and he seems to have no regard whatever for his clothes. His testimony was not completed on the first day of his appearance, and when he told his wife that he was to be called on the day following, she insisted that he put on better clothes. The coat which he obediently donned was a dark blue diagonal in the Prince Albert style, and the trousers were of sombre gray with black stripes, with the croasee of pewness still in them. His modest Derby had given way to a tall slik hat. It was such an outfit as he would wear to church or to an afternoon reception, and the law-making investigators no doubt felt duly honored by the sight of it.

Two Irish girls were in the Eden Musée, Two Irish girls were in the Edon Musee, where numerous images are placed so illusively that visitors mistake them sometimes for human beings. In this instance the fair jokers chose to reverse the mistake and to pretend a belief that the old gentleman who sat very still on a bench was a work in wax. So they dented his nose with their forefingers, and hunted for his name in the catalogue.

bellet that the old gentleman who sat very still on a bench was a work in wax. So they dented his nose with their forefingers, and hunted for his name in the catalogue.

The liquidation of the rich firm of Pottler & Stymus calls attention to the great growth of taste in New York for the fine decoration of houses. The education is largely possessed by women, too. The story of the birth of that firm, told by an acquaintance, is curious proof that the present discernment as to artistle homes was scarcer then than now. August Pottler and William P. Stymus were clerks in an interior embellishment and furnishing concern owned by a peculiar old Frenchman, who was at that time the leading decorator in New York. He was an artist, and thought more of making one esthetic chair than of closing the most profitable bargain. Pottler was an artistic man, and the old Frenchman, in his better moods, admitted that his clerk was his equal in getting up beautiful designs and combinations of materials. Stymus was more of an enterprising business man. Stymus heard that a wealthy Wall street broker meant to build a residence that would open the eyes of New Yorkers. It was said that money was no object, and he was only waiting to select a favorable site. Stymus evolved a plan which, even in these days of rushing stymus, who had secured a day's vacation, went to a real estate agent and bargained for the option on one of the most desirable building lots in the fashionable section, and only the large figure placed upon it had caused it to remain empty. Stymus had not five dollars about his clothes, but he talked as though able to pay cash on the spot. He got a low figure on it, and agreed to give his decision in a few days. An hour later he walked into the office of the Wall street broker with a roll of paper under his arm.

"I have heard," said Stymus, unabashed, "that you intend to build a handsome residence, if that is the case I am prepared to show you the plans for the hunting and decorate it completely, and to do the sairs work twen

"A quarter of a million dollars?" was the reply.

That was a large sum in those days, and the broker was a little staggered. He agreed to consider the proposition. A week later the bargain was ratified, and the young men started in business for themselves. They had no capital, but their order gave to them plenty of credit. They carried out their agreement to the letter, and when the residence was completed it was surpassingly beautiful. Everything except the crockery and kitchen utenells was provided, even down to the linen. The young men made twenty-five per cent net profit out of the job. nevertheless, and this capital enabled them to go on and get rich before competition came. They are now millionaires.

Some 200 sparrows attacked hair as many crows at cumminaville. Ohio, and completely routed tham. One craw that was picked up after the battle was found to have lest both bis eyes. have lost both bis eyes.

Three canaries belonging to a San Francisco lady had
the liberty of her recens. One died and was laid upon
a table, when the other two examined it caractuliz,
then went beck to their cares and did not leave their
again or utter a foots for a menth. After this mourning
cases, they shoet up, and are as a lively as even.

OUR STAGE - STRUCK GIRLS. TOUNG WOMEN WHO ASPIRE TO RIVAL

MRS. LANGTRY AND MRS. POTTER. Almost All of Them Come from the Country

-The City Stirl of Breeding has Learned
of the Bisspecial threats and Discomforts
of the Singe-The Matron who Wants to
Play Lady Macbeth-Teachers of Singe
Elecution who Encourage Girls for the
Sake of the Fee-Some Honest Once Found, However, who Give Good Advice - Mr. Sargent's Plain Talk that Every Stage-Struck Girl Should Thoughtfully Hood.

Stage struck girls are found among all sorts of people, in all walks of life, in all grades of society, among women of all ages, all degrees of intelligence, education and ability— the old and young, the fair and plain, the graceful, talented, gifted, and refined, and the ignorant, illiterate, graceless, and giftless alike. A teacher of elecution in this city, who has travelled from Maine to California, teaching extensively in the intervening States and Territories, finds the same stage-struck mai-Pacific coast as we see here, having the same faith in their inherent dramatic gifts, the same fascination for the glare of the footlights, the same unbounded confidence in their ultimate success, and the same boundless ignorance concerning the arduous, irksome, disappointon the stago.

stage is much larger now than in former years. The profession is regarded with a constantly increasing degree of respect. Actresses of note and talent are beginning to be received by society and recognized as artists equal in rank with poets, composers, writers, and painters, remuneration for their services, even exceedand excellence, and in no other career is there such a field open to women of genius and merit, for where all other professions are growded with artists of exceptional brilliancy and merit we have but one Ellen Terry, one Mary Anderson. The knowledge of these sets has induced a few women of education. refinement, and ability to go upon the stage for the emolument and reward offered, the glorious success sometimes achieved the exercise, cultivation, and expression of the gifts and talents with which they are endowed.

Among the graduates of the Lyceum School we find daughters of Moncure D. Conway, Gen. Sheridan, Mr. Walsch, and Gen. Banks, and a niece of Edwin Booth, while a daughter of Mrs. Crowley (Jennie June), former President of the Scrosis, has gone upon the stage, and Mrs. Thomas Barry of Boston has a daughter following in her mother's footsteps. These girls are well bred, carefully educated, culured, intellectual, and ambitious. They have cifts, talent, brains, invention, push, and perseverance, and are giving to the dramatic profession the same study, earnestness, and conscientious thoughtfulness they would betow upon the profession of music, literature. or medicine. Miss Maud Banks frankly adnits that her proficiency is greater in writing than acting, which statement her instructors endorse, but while the ranks of literature are full to overflowing, the stage presents little in the way of competition, and welcomes success

with thankfulness. Stage managers ascribe the medicerity of

Stage managers ascribe the medicerity of dramatic talent and success to the fact that the right kind of people—people with brains, dramatic ability, and power—shun the slight odium still cast upon the name of actress and shrink from the complete self-sacrifice required by this Moloch of stagecraft, who not only requires a complete surrender of one's time and talents, gifts and graces, but destroys a woman's home life, breaks all her social ties, and severs all friendly relations.

Women of wealth and position are frequently enamored of the glamour of the life on the stage, its varied and exciting conditions, the original state of the stage, its varied and exciting conditions, the original state of the stage, its varied and exciting conditions, the original state of the stage of the endules of listoners, and the exquisite sense of power to move and sway at will the emotions of listoners, and the exquisite sense of power to move and sway at will the emotions of listoners, and the exquisite sense of power to move and sway at will the emotions of listoners, and the exquisite sense of power to move and sway at will the emotions of listoners, and the exquisite sense of power to move and sway at will the emotions of listoners, and the exquisite sense of power to move and sway at will the emotions of listoners, and the exquisite sense of power to move and sway at will the emotions of listoners, and the exquisite sense of power to move and sway at will the emotions of listoners, and the exquisite sense of power to move and sway at will the emotions of the situation of the stage. It was a stage of the stage of th

performers received letters of wildest, most extravagant commendation, and cards bearing the adjectives "wonderful," "superb," magnificent." "grand," &c. were sont to them with the floral offerings lavished upon them when the performance merited and received nudges, and was pronounced by them atroctous and execrable. Breathing this atmosphere of enervating flattery, and having nothing of the sting of censure or the bitterness of disappointed ambition, it is little wonder these women often look upon the stage with longing regard, though they are so hedged in with the conventionsilities, requirements, and exclusiveness of social life that they seldom forsake the private for the public stage, though Anna Cora Mowett of the past and Mira James Brown Potter of the present time size notable stampes of the results of over praise and ide final past of the results of over praise and ide final past of the results of over praise and ide final constantly increasing interest in private and constantly increasing that the audience may be very select and refined; but the performers enter into their work with earnest painstaking endeavor, remain at home from parties and receptions to attend their reheartsal, and get servous, fil, jealous, and cross like their less for unate sisters on the real stage. Teachers of the property of the p

women of little or no talent to enter this prolession. Few good actreeses are found among
native New Jorkers, they seem to require the
set outcess. Or oreign blood to obtain any markfrom the West, the man American talent some
in the school being one from Ban Francisco and
another from Totas.

"In no other profession," added Mr. Sargent,
"do women receive so large salaries as on the
stage, and no life is more conducive to physical
strength and beauty than that of the successfirst the stage of the stage of the stage and
any kind of voice culture atrengthens the lungs
and expands the chest, while to the well-trained
actress confidence in her careful preparation
and in her sure capability prev- its the muchdiscussed nervous strain attendant upon acting. It is the travelling that wears women outguent loss of all nurried journers, the consequent loss of all nurried journers, the conseguent loss of all nurried journers, the conguent loss of all nurried journers, and the loss of all nurried journers, and the conguent loss of all nurried journers, and the loss of all nurried journers, and the l

would rush into the whirling masistrom of the atrical life."

When once a woman enters upon a dramatic carser she is spoiled for the quiet of a domestic home life and simple unexciting pleasures. I knew an actress, once beautiful, who, through some mismanagement of stage machinery, was disfigured for life, who had a pleasant home, a delightful family, and devoted husband, but in spite of all this, and notwithstanding the fact that she could only play in small towns on account of her loss of beauty, insisted upon travelling with a company every winter, and could not be induced to give up the life she loved.

Now, if in the face of all these warnings and ominous prophecies coming from people who, through sad experience, know whereof they sneak, a girl still longs for a dramatic career, let her test her capabilities by the following simple queries: How does a play affect you? Are you wild with delight and enthusiasm, and imbued with a desire to emulate the success you admire? Romember, the true artist is critical as well as emotional, and judges calmiy the merit of that which delights him, and studies carefully into the reason of its pleasant effect and the method of its production.

What is your physique—have you grace of person, ease of address, beauty of face, and magnetism of presence? Rtage make-up may redeem ballet and chorus girls, and make them prosentable, but the great artists must have some natural qualifications not dependent upon rouge and padding. Women of short stature usually desire to do high tragedy, and those of commanding presence have a fond-ness for high comedy, not consistent with their dignity of appearance.

What experience of life have you had, what sorrow have you known, what bitterness have you tasted? Wallack used to say to applicants for his favor: "Are you married? If not, go and get married, and bury your babies, quarried with your husband, get your hearts broken—then come back and I will make something of you."

A litle walf of the Paris streets comes up through varied experience a

of you."

A litle waif of the Paris streets comes up through varied experience and portrays character with a fidelity and power that makes her famous, and an educated cultured New York woman makes a most disastrous failure, simply from her lack of the knowledge of human nature. You cannot express what you do not comprehend, and you cannot make others feel what you do not realize. Have you responsiveness of feeling—do you have comprehensive sympathy which helps you to understand emotions which you have never realized? Mrs. Elia Wheeler Wilcox in her girthood wrote a touching little noem called." Mother-loss." Bince the death of her baby last May she has read the little poem and found in it the complete expression of her own sorrow. No poet ever has suffered all he sings, but the pain of one sorrow reveals to him the weariness of all woe. Last and most important of all, have you dramatic talent and ability? Submit yourself is this respect to the careful examination of some conscientious teacher or critic. They have no reason for discouraging you, and will tell you frankly if you have ability, for the gitted actress is gladly welcomed.

If, then, your qualifications are such as to insure your utilimate success, remember that the stage demands of you your youth, heauty, freshness, gifts, graces, talents, and time; your home, friends, social pleasures, and womanly tendencies and give you in return some money, the idle praise of a host of admirers who will forget you as soon as another star arises in their firmament, the sharp censure of mercileas critics, and the gossip of slanderous tongues.

Why Net Phetegraph the Ocean Bepths?

To the Editors of The Sun—Sir: In The Surrecently appeared an account of discoveries by the

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN-Sir: In THE

To the Editor of The Sun—Sir: In The Sus recently appeared an account of discoveries by the United States Fish Commission of strangs species of flak, which exits so far beneath the surface of the ocean that they were dead on being brought to the surface, having literally been blewn up by the expansion of the substance of their bodies, due to the relief from the tremendous pressure of the water at great depths.

In these days of progress, when the electric light and instantaneous photography have reached such success, why not take a photograph of the surroundings at various depths of water and at the bottom of the ocean? It will penetrate great thicknesses of giass effectually, and a globe might be constructed of sufficient thickness, and strongth to resist the crushing pressure of the water, and through which the light could pass sanily, if such a globe could be committed any ingenious fellow could adjust a camera, properly prepared in the globe, together with an electric light. Then the apparatus could be lowered to a depth of several thousand feet, the current tarned on for an instant and then shut off when it could be resonably expected that a photograph of whatever was in from a the camera would be been.

FICKLE, FLEETING FASHION.

STYLES FOR BRIDES, THEIR MOTHERS, AND GRANDMOTHERS. The Battle Over Bonnets, Hats, Gowns, and Wraps in Paris-Little Children's Gar-ments-Noveltles of Early Spring Wear,

A month ago every one was predicting that we would surely have a more emphasized return to the styles of the courts of the last Bourbons; that even the big hoops of the Louis XV. period would adorn or disfigure us in the near future. But the gowns of Sara Bernhardt in "La Tosca" have put a quietus on the hopes of the advocates of those styles for the present. The fad of the fashionable and gay women of the gayest capital of Europe at the moment is to have several costumes in classic, mediaval, and Directory styles. Particularly are the Directory styles in favor. The conservative element that clusters around in the Faubourg St. Germain does not favor these odd reminders of the days when royalty and nobility, the Church, and the dignities and proprieties were set at defiance. But the young and pretty Princess de Sagan, the dashing Comtesse de Pourtaies, and the stately and lovely Marquise de Gallifet have all set the ex-

lovely Marquise de Gallifet have all set the example of ordering and wearing Directory gowns and cloaks, and although Mms. Carnot and her daughter and most of the conservative people cling to the long waists, peaked bodices, and full draperies that imitate, if they do not actually reproduce, the Marie Antoinette styles, there is no disputing the fact that the more aggressive, incisive, and graceful garments of the first republic are gaining ground.

In the mean time this war over the fashions creates a still greater and more bewildering variety than ever in the domain of that fickle queen. Fashion. The demi-saison, which always comes in Leat, in the spring, is marked this year with confusion, change, and variety in dress in a more marked degree than ever. So at least I am told by a little cousin of mine, who has just come from Paris with a trunk full of all sorts of gowns and the fade that go with them, and with her head filled with more than twenty trunks could hold of luggage of the same sort. It is nice for a fashion reporter to have such a friend, for it is very difficult to obtain correct information of the great dry goods houses in the city in advance of their first openings, which do not generally occur before the 15th of March.



In the picture above the figure on the left is my little cousin. She wears one of her Paris gowns. It is of cloth and chamois, and tailor made, of course. The front breadth, which is



In the next picture is a gown worn by a woman of fashion who knows how to dress correctly in Leat on the occasion of a quiet and refined dinner party. It is composed of purple plush, old laces, oeffee colored, and run with gold thread and garnished with velvet pansies. The lace falls over violet-hued bengaline or surah. The opera cape around her shoulders, and which is thrown off or retained as circumstances demand, is of swan's down, and lined with violet satin.

The two older children wear Paris frocks of pale blue and bright red wood. The embroideries are on plush, with gold and silk threads. The three-year-old baby is a girl. Her drees is white nainsock, composed almost entirely of embroidery. It is a fancy abroad at the moment to tie up a baby's hair on the top of the head, and to leave the arms and neck bare. This fashion has not yet reached New York all the children wear dark blue, red, or black silk stockings over white gauze hosiery.

Our next picture tells its own story, in outline at least. The bride of the Eastertide wears a gown of crèpe de chine over a skirt of moiré. It is pure white, milk white, neither creamy nor ivory tinted. Her orange-flower parure is perfumed. Her veil is of tulie, Her



shoes, not boots nor slippers, are of white satin embroidered with seed pearls. Her ornaments are diamonds and pearls. She carries neither a bought nor a book.

As she is an orphan, she comes up the aisle of the church on the arm of her grandmother. That grandmother is in her seventes. So she mears a gray Chudde she wi oventes sliver-gray

poult de soie and moiré gown. Her bonnet is of gray velvet, with silver-gray ribbon bows and strings.

The fada of the incoming season are the new hats, which must tower high; the trimmings, which are more aggressive in effect than ever, and made gayer with bright colors, tinsel, shot ribbons, and feathers as well as flowers; the new Directory cloaks which will be worn during March and April in all weather that demands a cloak, and the new round pointed, low shoes for street wear, made comfortably warm with the addition of long cloth gaiter tops that match the color of the gown, and are buttoned on the outside of the leg. They are long and shapely, and fit much better than the old style gaiter tops.



for the competition in work with men, upon which they have so extensively entered of recent years. Their costumes incommode them, and cost too much time for their preparation,"

This is all true, and it is consily true that women are not properly dressed for any work. It is quite as true that they are not properly dressed for what is admitted by the most conservative to be "woman's work" as that they "are not properly dressed for competition in work with men." So the questions are: Shall women cease to work, and merely compete pretty that men will take delight in supporting them in beautiful idleness? Shall they attire themselves suitably for work, and give only so much to beauty as they can without incom-

themselves suitably for work, and give only so much to beauty as they can without incommoding themselves? Or shall they continue as heretolore, at great loss of health, strength, and comfort, to try to work and look preity too, and make a failure of both?

I do not now propose to attempt an answer, but I like to have the matter fairly looked at. Let me say, however, that I do not know of any other order of animal life in which the female is made dependent on the male for subsistence, nor can I believe that such a condition among human beings is conductive to their highest good or to their good at all.

"Feminine vanity and love of display" are twice alluded to in this discussion of drass reform. I have observed children a great deal, and am inclined to think there is quite as much "vanity and love of display" born in the male child as in the female, My own little boy would stick feathers in his hat, the ribbons around his neck, and adorn himself in various ways with much pleasure till laughed out of it. It is hardly safe to assume that these attributes are feminine until we find out how much has been accomplished by educating the eye and understanding of children from the earliest dawn of their intelligence. Then, too, although it is true "mee's dress is no longer gay," I sm convinced by the strut and the sidewise glances of men dressed in military uniform or in the showy regalia of some order or society, that in spite of all the education "love of display" is not yet wholly femisine.

Although "An Impossible Dress Reform" head to an editorial is calculated to fill the dress reformer's heart with sadness, its opening phrase—"Of all the many reforms in the dress of women proposed in our day"—bids hope revive; for it cannot be that, if "many reforms" are under consideration, the day of deliverance is far off.

Dansyille, N. Y., Feb. 25.

The Male Corest in Chicago.

The Male Corest in Chicage.

From the Chicage Herald.

Everybody has heard of the man that wears corsets, but nobody appears to have seen him. The general conclusion has been that the corset wearing man is a myth. But he isn't a myth, and exists in flesh and blood right here in Chicago. A Chicago corset maker tells me that he knows men who wear corsets.

"I am not mentioning any names," he said, discreetly, "but I am sure that a score of Chicago men wear corsets. We have made corsets for two or three men, and I know of others who buy theirs at the dry goods stores. It is a sensible practice, too. If a man is so built that he finds it difficult to stand erect, or to present a shapely figure, he may find a corset of great assistance to him, inst as the shoulder braces or back pads might be. I know one portly gentleman who cuts such a ridiculous figure is a dress suit that his wife once induced him to put on one of her corsets—she is a big woman—and he liked it so well that he had a corset made, and was at the Depew banquet the other night with a corset on. I know a young man who has a handsome figure, which he is fond of showing off in a dress suit, but he is troubled with weakness of the back. On trying a corset he found such welcome relief from the fatigue of a long evening in society, where, of course, he was anxious all the time to look as well as he could and preserve an erect, manly carriage, that a corset is now part of his evening dress stitre. I could take you over to the Palmer House this minute and show you a man who wears a corset simply through vanity, though I thiak a majority of the men who indulae in this luxury do so for physical value.

THECLEVELAND HANDSH

STUDY OF THE GRIPS OF PRESIDENT AND HIS WIFE

He Presses 400 Paims a Week, 100,000 a Year-Handshaking at White House and at Ratirend Static WASHINGTON, Feb. 25.—Three fellows

ed on to the subject of Presidential hand

ing and receptions last night. They had talking about President and Mrs. Cleve trip to Florida. It was agreed among that there was nothing in the publi

with the above and it much better than the seed of the

does she despatch all who come. Her plan spring forward the moment a hand is rele by the President, and, seizing it with a suthat is almost a laugh, she gently but sw brings the entranced caller toward her, all that is almost a laugh, she gently but sw brings the entranced caller toward her, all ing the hand as she does so. When the hand proprietor of the shaken hand has been cut for, he or she finds himself or herself swept pace or two beyond the gracious hostess, and a quickoned step, oftentimes forgetting the control ook at the row of assistant hostes who manage invariably to survive the new without any betrayal of jealousy. Try as many one may to grasp either the President who manage invariably to survive the new without any betrayal of jealousy. Try as many one may to grasp either the President when the effort.

There is a constant call on the cleverest in attending to the handshaking business, severest task the President ever undertakes to satisfy the station crowds while he is tryelling over the sountry. These people are emore in earnest in their desire to shake hand than the people in Washington, moe whom expect to have more than one chance see him. Bending over a platform rail, grabing hands held above a scrambling mass, it resome job, as we may all know without ing. Only two, three, four, or five minutes, long to the people of each town, and they fait tear themselves in pleces in trying to reach President's hand. When the President was it resome job, as the summar he resolutely diggarded the advice of Mrs. Cleveland and rest of his companions at Altoona, and stop from the car platform to the station platfor which was a rolling sea of enthusiastic citizes young and old.

"I can take care of them," the President was the cowd went with him. His hat we more the President to stand on. That it is carpeted step was knocked from under his the moment Mr. Cleveland stepped upon it, as way the crowd went with him. His hat we may be encleared back to the car steps. The President is journey. Its chief occupant was

Fablan's Joke Not Approclated.

Fabian's Joke Net Appreciated.

From the Hartford Times.

Fabian, a New York elocutionist, and the Humphrey street church people of New Haw are 'out." When Fabian mounted the platform the other evening to deliver a humorous lecture, a boy, apparently from as telegraph of the came forward and handed him what we apparently a dispatch. He nervously broke; seal, and, unfolding the paper, thrust his had to his head in a dramatic way, as if the cotents was very tead news. Gradually he grapale, and his eyes glassy; he staggered, a reached out for support, he staggered, a portion of the audience became so excited the news he had evidently received that they became hysterical. Finally, Fabian stepp forward and in a voice filled with emotion said." My friends, I have received very bad new You will excuse my seeming illness, but penhaps the message will explain it. With your consent I will read it."

Amid the whispered sympathies of his headers he continued:

To Edward Fabian:

Familes illness has taken a fatal turn. There is hope. One foot is already in the grave, and we hope get the censters valared as that the may get the estimater what each is the mary set the estimate in the motion.

Then he braced up and laughed loudly to a sist his audience in quickly appreciating tipoint of the joke. But the audience didning the remainder of the evening.